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T H E
Warbling Lyre.

GENTLY touch the Warbling Lyre !
CHLOE seems inclin'd to rest ;
Fill her soul with fond desire ;
Softest notes will soothe her breast ;
Pleasing dreams assist in Love ;
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies ;
(Nature's verdant, velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head :
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers found.

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